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FAMILY GATHERING

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SING, BROTHERS, SING....



Tho' with Paynham at ditties we cannot compete,  
At eating arounTrees, we cannot be beat;  
So blow up your bellows, don't mind if they bust,  
Though our voices are raucous, we'll sing if we must.

Tra la la... what a dust...  
And we're waiting to hear where we'll slake that big thirst.

Now of visitors odd we have got quite a lot,  
From spots that are cold and from spots that are hot,  
And we hope they are pleased with our Gath'ring to-day,  
If they are not—well we are—so hip hip hooray.

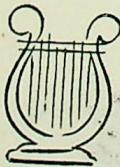
Oh my hat—or baht 'at  
If we don't cheer ourselves, no-one else will, that's flat.

After two dyes in Yorkshire, we have fallen in luv  
With the wye that they talk, and the wye that they shuv,  
And when next we're in London and miss the last boos,  
We'll no longer cry "bother," but gently say coos.

Tra la la—' ip ' oorigh  
As we still prefer Cockney we'll call it a dye.

At the helm we've had Geoffrey, efficient old stick,  
He's a wow, he's a wizard, as cute as old Nick.  
How he's done all the Festival work we can't think,  
And it's not true to say that he's taken to drink.

Tra la la... never fear...  
For the Festival's bound to be elsewhere next year.



The couple of chairmen, one fat and one lean,  
Have succeeded in keeping the party quite clean,  
One can give you some tips from a place where they train  
While the other has Alderney cows on the brain.

Tra la la... that's enough...  
We can *not* waste our precious time singing this stuff.

“I have a song to sing - oh”

## ROGERUM

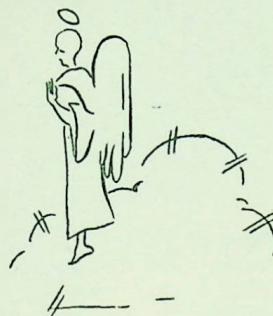
A SONG TRADITIONAL TO TOC H

Now there was a rich man, and he lived in Jer-usal-e-um,  
Glory all-ey be-lur-i-um, O Rogerum,  
And he used to live on the fat of the land-c-eum,  
Glory all-ey-be-lur-i-um, O Rogerum.

*Chorus :* O Rogerum, O Rogerum,  
Sling-am-my ling-am-my or-c-eum, O Rogerum.

Now there was a poor man, and he lived in Jer-usal-e-um,  
Glory alley be-lur-i-um, O Rogerum  
And he used to live on the crumbs from the rich man's table-e-um,  
Glor alley be-lur-i-im, O Rogerum.

Now the poor man he died, and he went up to heaven-c-eum  
Glory alley be-lur-i-um, O Rogerum  
And he sat himself down on the starboard side of Abraham,  
Glory alley be-lur-i-um, O Rogerum.



Now the rich man he died, but he didn't fare so well-e-um,  
Glory alley-be-lur-i-um, O Rogerum  
For the devil he came and popped him down to hell-e-um,  
Gloru alley be-luri-i-um, O Rogerum.



And the rich man he cried, “Oh, send me down some water-i-um”  
Glory alley be-lur-i-um, O Rogerum,  
But the devil he said “This aint no Ritz Hotel-e-um”  
Glor alley be-lur-i-um, O Rogerum.

Now the moral of this tale is that riches end in smoke-eum  
Glory alley-be-lur-i-um, O Rogerum  
So glory glory be that we are stoney brok-c-eum,  
Glory alley be-lur-i-um O Rogerum.



## DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES



Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine,  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not ask for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine,  
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much hon'ring thee,  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe  
And sent'st it back to me.  
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee.

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*"They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill . . . "*

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## THE MERMAID

'Twas Friday morn, as we set sail,  
And our ship not far from the land,  
We there did esp'y a fair pretty maid  
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand,  
her hand,  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

CHORUS.

While the raging seas did roar,  
And the stormy winds did blow,  
And we jolly sailor-boys were all up aloft,  
And the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below,  
And the land-lubbers lying down below.

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,  
Who at once did our peril see,  
"I have married a wife in fair London Town,  
And this night she a widow will be."

*Chorus.*

Then up spake the little cabin boy,  
And a fair-haired boy was he,  
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth Town,  
And this night they will weep for me."

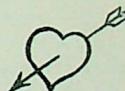
*Chorus.*

And three times round went our gallant ship,  
And three times round went she,  
For the want of a lifeboat they both went down,  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

*Chorus.*

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## THE LASS OF



## RICHMOND HILL

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass  
More bright than Mayday morn,  
Whose charms all other maids surpass,  
A rose without a thorn.

CHORUS.

This lass so sweet, with smiles so sweet,  
Has won my right good will  
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,  
And wanton thro' the grove,  
O whisper to my charming fair,  
I die for her I love.

*Chorus.*



How happy will the shepherd be,  
Who calls this nymph his own,  
O may her choice be fixed on me,  
Mine's fixed on her alone.

*Chorus.*



## GOOD KING WENCESLAS



Good King Wenceslas looked out,  
On the Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep, and crisp, and even :  
Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Though the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gath’ring winter fuel.

“ Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou know’st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he ?  
Where and what his dwelling ? ”  
“ Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain,  
Right against the forest fence,  
By St. Agnes’ fountain.”

“ Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither ;  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear them thither.”  
Page and monarch forth they went,  
Forth they went together ;  
Through the wild wind’s wild lament,  
And the bitter weather.

“ Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger,  
Fails my heart, I know not how,  
I can go no longer.”  
“ Mark my footsteps, good my page,  
Tread thou in them boldly,  
Thou shalt find the winter’s rage,  
Freeze thy blood less coldly.”

In his masters steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted ;  
Heat was in the very sod,  
Which the saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

